A Pointless Pokemon Fanfic

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Summary: On the surface, the story seems pointless. But on another level, it satires fan fiction stories!

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This title says it all: A pointless fanfic about pokemon! However, try to look beyond the surface of this fanfic and enjoy my satire on fan fiction.

It was a sad day in pokeville. Ash, Misty, and Brock had no idea what to do, until they realized their boredom could transfer into a pointless pokemon fanfic. With renewed enthusiasm, they began to act more bored than ever.

"Guys, did you know that I just added 5000 grams of belly button lint to my collection?" asked Ash

"That's nothing, I got all the earwax out of my ears!" Said Misty.

"But I just stuck a ton of pencil shavings in my hair," mentioned Brock. "Like it?"

Ash and Misty turned. "I think what I'm doing is more pointless," They both answered.

"I know, but I had to add to the pointlessnesss of this fanfic in my own way," said Brock.

"Oh," said Ash. Everyone continued doing their thing for the next few minutes, until...

"Hey guys, here comes Team Rocket," mentioned Misty.

Brock had a strange look on his face. "Hey, I thought this fanfic was supossed to be pointless."

"Well, maybe the author has changed her mind," said Ash.

Team Rocket walked up to them and stared at them for several minutes. Finally, Jessie spoke. "Hey guys, what's up?"

"I see you don't have your pokemon with you either," said James. "I think we lost ours about 10 miles back."

"Actually, our pokemon are right next to us-" began Misty. "Hey, wait a minute, they are all gone. I wonder where they went."

"Who cares," said Ash. "If we looked for our pokemon, would this fanfic be pointless?"

"Good point," Said Brock.

"Do you guys want to have some tea?" Asked Jessie.

"Wait a minute, is this a trick?" asked Misty. "I know you're going to try and steal Pikachu soon."

James scratched his head. "First of all, Ash lost Pikachu, right? Secondly, we lost Meowth, right? Finally, this is pointless, correct?

"Oh yeah, I forgot," said Misty. "So, pour us some tea."

Jessie took an invisible kettle out of her invisible backpack, and an invisible stream of tea went into the cups. "Ahh, tastes good," she said, taking an invisible drink.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Ash. "You look like you're playing house! I want some real tea!"

"Now, now Ash," said Brock. "You can have some tea in the next fanfic. But if we had real tea, we'd have a real conversation."

"Oh, I get it. So our fanfic wouldn't be pointless anymore?"

"Bingo."

"So, just what can we do in a pointless fanfic?" asked Misty.

"Try this," said Jessie. She put her lips together in a strange whistle.

"What did you just do?" everyone asked her.

"Why, I called some more characters over," she replied. A few minutes later, Gary, Professor Oak, and Gary's cheerleaders walked over to the non-descript area.

"Hi Jessie," said Gary. "Why did you call all of us over here?"

"Well, we're creating a pointless fanfic. We needed more characters to make it interesting, in a pointless way, of course."

"Ah," said Professor Oak. "Does this mean I can tell everyone a story about my Muk?" he asked.

"Um, no" said Brock. "Then our readers might actually be interested in this fanfic."

"So we can't even do a Gary cheer?" asked the cheerleaders.

"Nope."

"That's OK, we never liked doing them anyway."

Gary glared at the cheerleaders. "I'd replace you, but since that might add some excitement to the fanfic, I won't."

"What exactly can I talk about in this fanfic?" asked Professor Oak.

"Anything that will bore our readers to death," Ash told him.

Professor Oak thought for a minute. "OK, one time when I was six this really dumb thing happened to me. I was playing capture the flag and-"

James clamped a hand over his mouth. "You're starting to get interesting. Watch it, fellow!"

"Sorry, but this fanfic isn't working for me," said Professor Oak. "Maybe I should just leave."

"Actually, you can't leave," said Misty. "Then the readers would realize we didn't like participating in this fanfic and stop reading it."

Everyone who had any thoughts of leaving realized that that could, in fact be the case. "So, what should we do now?" asked Jessie.

"I guess I'll just stand on my head and see how much blood rushes to my ears," said a cheerleader. Everyone agreed this sounded like a boring thing to do. After a few minutes, everyone had toppled over except for the winner.

"Can I tell our readers who won?" Asked Professor Oak.

"Sorry Gramps," said Gary, "But I think that our readers may actually want to know that."

"Is there anything that our readers wouldn't want to know about us?" asked Brock.

"They probably don't want to know all these sick things about Misty-" Ash was cut off.

"Ash, you know that people think it's funny when you tease me," said Misty.

"Oops," said Ash.

"So, why did we start this fanfic in the first place?" Asked James.

It took a long time for the characters to come to an answer. "Oh, duh," Jessie finally realized. "Because the author wanted us to."

"I guess she was really bored," said Professor Oak.

"Well, do you guys think this fanfic solved her boredom problems?" asked Ash.

"Probably," said Misty. "After all, her account name is Misty, so we share a name, and a mental link, too. She realized that she needed to write real stories on her other fanfic.net accounts and went into panic mode."

"Intriguing," said Professor Oak. "Did you know that the scientific mechanics of panic include the-"

One of the Cheerleaders gagged him. "Just beacuse this fanfic is almost over doesn't mean it can get interesting."

"So, do you think the author is going to let us go into real fanfics?" asked Gary.

"You mean the type where we all have our Pokemon, most of us our enemies, and something actually happens?" asked Brock.

"Yeah, that's what I mean."

"Hmmm, I think it's about time," said Jessie.

"So, maybe we'll all meet again in another pointless fanfic?" asked Professor Oak.

"You never know," said James. "Authors these days are writing pretty weird stories. Like this one, for example."

"So, shall we be on our way?" asked Misty to Brock and Ash.

"Yeah, I think this fanfic has worn out it's welcome by now," said Ash.

"Bye, everyone!" the three of them called called. "Until we meet in another fanfic!"

All the other characters smiled and waved goodbye to the Ash, Misty, and Brock, happy that they had helped contribute to yet another piece of writing that showed how mentally challenged the author was and could also be considered a literary crime.

THE END

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